

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVII. No. 27

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 3, 1927

## "Pussy Cat" Peter

By Florence E. Bell

PETER limped hurriedly along the sunny street. He had been home four weeks with a sprained ankle and on his first day back at school he wanted to get there early. He hoped he could slip by without any one noticing his limp. If Harry Taylor was in the school he would be sure to think up a new nickname for him, and Peter felt that he had been given more than his share already.

Harry was in a higher class, but he was not well liked by boys of his own grade and spent his time teasing the smaller boys. Peter was small for his age and had red hair and freckles. Harry and some of the others called him "Rusty," "Pete Pumpkin," but he really hated being called "Pretty Peter."

Just as he turned the corner his shoe came loose and he stooped over to fasten it. As he tucked it in something bumped on his back and nearly tipped him over; a furry nose pressed against his neck and he heard a familiar purr. Carefully Peter straightened up and pulled his big gray cat from its perch on his shoulder.

"Pretzel, go home! You can't come with me; go on home," Peter said firmly. The cat rubbed against him, purring, and leaped to his shoulder again. At that moment Harry Taylor and some other boys came up.

"Hello, Pete," one said; and another boy snatched his cap and called as he ran off, "Try and catch me, old Rusty!" Harry stuck his hands in his pockets, and said, "So you're back! What's the matter with you?"

Peter didn't answer, and Harry said, "Oh, I know! The cat's got your tongue, hasn't he, Peter, Peter, Pussy Peter?"

Peter turned red and put down his head. "Go on home, Pretzel!" he urged.

"Kind of sissy, playing with a cat," Harry said to the boy beside him. Ray Perry was a new boy and very popular. He had lived all his life in the Hawaiian Islands, and he had fine collections of shells and bugs, and knew how to play many games strange to the other boys.

He whistled a few notes before answering, then said quietly, "That's not so sissy. I like cats."

The school bell rang and they all rushed for the door.

The day seemed long to Peter and he kept thinking of his cat, and Ray Perry, and wished he had the chance to tell Ray



## The Donkeys of Tarifa, Spain

By ANNE LLOYD

The donkeys of Tarifa

Have curly coats of gray,  
And gentle eyes where friendship lies;  
Such tiny things are they,  
The bulging packs upon their backs  
Hide most of them away!

The donkeys of Tarifa

Bear brown seines to the sea,  
And fagot loads along the roads  
With meek docility;

Yet now and then you'll see them when  
They're flowers to the knee!

The donkeys of Tarifa

Stand blinking in the sun,  
And neatly crunch a bite of lunch

When morning chores are done . . .  
Then quiet quells their bridle bells,  
And they sleep one by one!

how smart Pretzel was and the cute tricks he had learned.

He was glad when the teacher sent them into the Assembly Hall for the last rehearsal for the Exhibit.

The principal's wife had promised a handsome silk pennant with the school name on it in gold to the room that gave the most original entertainment for the Exhibit. Each class rehearsed in secret and there was great excitement.

Every one felt sure that Ray Perry in his Hawaiian costume, playing on a ukulele, would certainly win the prize for their room, and Peter agreed with them.

The next day was a bustle of excitement, decorating the Assembly Hall and making the last preparations for the Exhibit. In the middle of the morning Peter's teacher called him aside and said, "A note has just come from Mr. Perry, saying that Ray has hurt his hand and will not be able to play; that leaves a blank in our program. Could you learn a short piece to recite between now and two o'clock?"

Peter looked sober for he was never quick at memorizing and said, "I'll try, Miss Jones."

When his turn came Peter felt rather shaky. Nothing that his room had done so far had won much applause from the audience and he wished that it was Ray Perry that stood there on the platform instead of himself. He stepped forward, cleared his throat, but before he could utter a word there was a loud "meowing," in a boy's voice. Here and there a titter of laughter broke out in the audience. Peter hesitated for the first word. A teacher got up, walked briskly down the aisle and whispered a few words to Harry Taylor who turned red and left the hall.

Peter made a fresh start and turned hot all over. He couldn't remember a word. He looked miserably out of the window into the boughs of a big locust tree. The audience was whispering and there was some laughter. Peter wondered how he could get off that platform and hide.

Suddenly there was a dog's shrill yapping outside, a scurrying noise up the tree, and a big gray cat bounded through the window on to the platform.



Peter dropped to his knees. "Here, Pretzel," he coaxed. "Come pussy"; then louder, "Roll over!"

The cat ducked his head and rolled on his back.

"Again!" said Peter, and the cat threw himself down and turned on his back.

Holding his hands together, "Jump, Pretzel!" and the cat leaped through the circle of his arms again and again. The audience broke into applause.

"Now knead bread!" Peter ordered, and Pretzel jumped on Peter's knee and with his forepaws went through the motions of kneading up and down, much to the amusement of the audience.

Then Peter asked distinctly, "Hungry, Pretzel?" The cat looked up and mewed loudly. "Very hungry?" Peter asked again, and the cat mewed until the audience clapped so hard that Pretzel, his tail in the air, ran off the platform in fright.

Peter sat in the front row during the closing exercises still feeling shamed by

his failure in reciting his piece, but when the principal presented the pennant, Peter sat up straight! For Peter's room had won it! And the principal added a few words of praise for the unusual and original animal act that had been a surprise to the school as well as the audience.

Later, Mr. Perry stopped Peter to ask if he would come up some afternoon and help them train a fine Persian cat he had bought for Ray and start them in teaching it a few tricks. Peter accepted eagerly.

On the way home Peter bought Pretzel a can of salmon for his supper, for the cat had won for him not only the pennant but an invitation to Ray Perry's house and a chance to see his different collections.

Peter did not mind, but grinned happily when a couple of boys called across the street to him,

"Hello, Pussy Peter! Meow!" In fact he was proud of his new nickname!

others are fully as early. The large root of this plant has an abundance of plant food stored in it which enables the plant to get an early start in the spring. The bloodroot blooms during the months of April and May. It prefers rich woods where there are plenty of dead leaves, decayed twigs, wood and other vegetable matter, and the soil well drained. It also is often to be found along fences, on hillsides and near the edges of woods.



Pip  
and  
Pep

BY ALICE WETHERELL

**P**IP and Pep were neighbor pups and always, always played together. They even dug holes side by side to hide their dinner bones. And Pep never dug up Pip's bone. Nor did Pip ever dig up Pep's. They were very, very good friends, and very seldom disagreed.

One day when Pip and Pep were playing together, Pep said suddenly:

"Let's go for a little walk. My master doesn't want me for an hour or two."

"Very well, let's," said Pip. "My master doesn't want me either. For he's at school."

So off the two pups ran, racing each other up one hill and down another hill, and over a little bridge and up another hill. They *did* stop every little while to play with something. For Pep and Pip were quite young yet, and played with almost anything that they could find.

When they were at the very top of the last hill, Pip stopped running suddenly, and turned to Pep and said:

"I want a drink. I'm thirsty. Do you see a stream?"

"No, I don't," said Pep. "But what's that over there? It looks something like a well."

Pep and Pip ran over to the place that looked something like a well, and looked down into it. It *was* a well. But there was very, very little water in it.

"I wonder if I couldn't reach it," said Pip. "I'm very, very thirsty."

"It's much too far away. I'm sure you couldn't reach it," said Pep, leaning over just a little to look in.

"I want some water very badly," said Pip. "I think I'll try to reach it." And he put his head away, way down.

"Come back," said Pep, alarmed. "That water's farther down than it looks. You never can reach it. You'll fall in."

But Pep's warning was too late. Pip had pushed himself a little just to have one more trial at reaching it, when, plunk! down he went, right to the bottom of the well. Fortunately for Pip the well was very shallow. And fortunately

## The Bloodroot—Frail Springtime Wild Flower

By Alvin M. Peterson

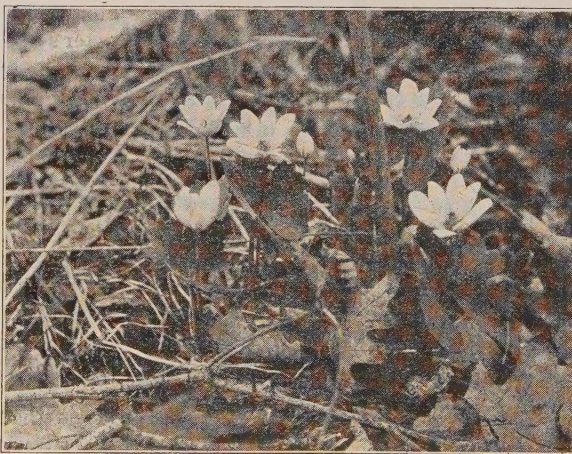
**T**HERE are many beautiful things to be found and seen in the fields and woods during the spring months, but none of them is lovelier than many of our early wild flowers. And few of our early wild flowers are better worth your knowing than the dainty bloodroot. It has pure-white blossoms with golden centers, and its leaves have a white or silvery appearance underneath.

Break or cut the stem of a bloodroot and an orange-red juice flows from the wound. This accounts for this wild flower's name. The Indians and our grandparents or great grandparents were well acquainted with the bloodroot. The Indian braves used the juice of the plant for painting their faces and arms when about to take the warpath. The squaws used it for coloring baskets and the skins of animals. And our grandmothers mixed a few drops of the juice with sugar and gave it to any one in the family suffering from a cough or a cold.

The bloodroot springs from a fleshy root. This is irregular in shape and, like the stem, is filled with orange-red juice. Little wonder, then, that the bloodroot is also known as the Indian paint.

When the flower bud of this plant first makes its appearance above the ground it has a leaf folded snugly about it. In other words, the bud wears a neat, warm cape. Later, the stem of the bud lengthens, the leaf unfurls and the bud bursts into bloom. Two greenish leaflike

sepals form the outside part of the bud. These fall to the ground when the bud opens. Each flower usually has eight pure-white petals and a number of



golden-tipped stamens. Four of the petals are larger than the others giving the flower a square rather than a circular shape.

But though the pure-white golden-centered flowers of the bloodroot are very pretty they are also very frail. The flowers are to be seen one day but are gone the next. Consequently, one must watch closely for the bloodroot or miss it entirely. Wind and rains scatter the petals in all directions. The flowers open widely on bright, sunny days but are closed on dark, cloudy ones. Naturally, then, the flowers also close at night.

The bloodroot is not our earliest spring wild flower though it is one of the earliest. The skunk cabbage and hepatica are earlier and the pasque flower and some



him, there was only a very little light in the well. Pip wasn't even frightened very much. He stooped down and drank all the water that there was, and felt much better.

Of course when Pip was no longer thirsty, he began to look around to get out of the well. But the walls looked very high, and the only light that could be seen was far, far up above. Pip stepped one foot out and tried to climb the wall. For Pip was very young and didn't realize that a puppy cannot climb. Every time he put his foot on the side of the well, it slipped right back.

"Cry again," he heard Pep barking from the top. Pip tried again, but couldn't climb at all. So Pip stayed at the top and Pip stayed at the bottom for a

long, long time, talking about what poor Pip should do next.

At last it came near mealtime and the two puppies were still wondering what next to do. It seemed as if Pip never would get out.

"What shall I do? I'll starve down here alone!" cried Pip.

"Oh, no you won't," said Pep. "I'll try to get some help."

So Pep ran away for help, and Pip stayed down in the well, all, all alone, getting hungrier and hungrier every single minute.

It was beginning to get dark when Pip could hear Pep's bark at last. Then he saw Pep's head lean over the edge of the well.

"Here I am," said Pep; "but I

couldn't get a soul to understand that you were here. So I am all alone again."

Poor Pip was very sad. He might be all night there without a thing to eat. And he was very, very hungry.

Then all at once Pip heard something hit the bottom of the well. It must be something hard. It seemed to have a smell. Pip fumbled around until he found what made that nice, nice smell. It was so dark he could not see, but he knew in a second that it was a bone. Pip must have thrown it down without saying a word about it. That was just like his good friend Pep.

You would have thought that Pip had never had a bone before, the way he ate the meat off this one. He forgot about Pep, he forgot about home, he forgot about everything but just that bone.

That is, he forgot until the bone was bare. Then he began to wonder why Pep kept so quiet. Had he gone and left him all alone again! And the dark coming on like this! Pip was very lonesome once again. Then he thought,

"Perhaps Pep isn't very far away. I'd better call him, anyway." So he did. And the softest little puppy bark came back.

"I'm here," said Pip. "I'm staying."

"You don't mean staying all the time?" said Pip.

"Staying as long as you do," said Pep. "I'm all right here."

"Staying here," said Pip astonished, "with a nice straw bed all waiting for you back at home?"

"D'you think I'd leave you all alone?" said Pip. Then he added: "Perhaps if we are both away they may come hunting for us."

And he was right. It was not long before two boys carrying lanterns came running down the road.

"Here, Pep!" called one boy. "Here, here Pep!"

"Here, Pip!" called the other boy, "Here, here Pip!"

And the answering barks that came were such happy barks that there was no mistaking them. It took those two boys just a few short minutes with a stick to help Pip out of his dark well. And who shall say which were the happier, the masters or the puppy friends, to be all safe together once again!

## Hurrying Home

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

The brooks all seem in a hurry,

The river is running away,

Even the rain on the window pane

Hasn't a minute to stay!

They always run back wherever they roam

To the wide blue ocean that is their home!

## THE CROW'S NEST

BY  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Text: Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.—Psalms 8:6.

THIS is Humane Sunday. Perhaps now that spring is really on the way, your father is going to buy a dog to play with out of doors. I don't know of any thing which is more fun on a spring tramp than a Scotch terrier. (I am going to admit that he is braver even than a brother because he doesn't talk and he doesn't quarrel about which way to go or what to look for.) I don't hope that you are ready for a spring tramp (I'll stump you to find some mathematics on an icy northern slope), and I don't hope a Scotch terrier to go along with you and dig the snow out of an old wood-bark hole.

I read that text from the Eighth Psalm. "Dominion" means mastery or power over. It means that mankind, you and I, have mastery over the world of nature. We make cows and horses do what we want them to; we tame cats and dogs, birds and rabbits; we take sand up in an airplane, charge it with electricity, shoot it out into a cloud and make rain fall. I shouldn't be at all surprised to read in the papers tomorrow morning that the Great Stream was to be moved several thousand miles eastward or westward. So this is what is meant today when we say "dominion" even more truthfully than the man who made it thousands of years ago: Thou madest him (man) to have dominion over the works of thy hands. It's a great thought, isn't it?

Well, here's the solemn thought that

ought to follow the great thought. How do the animals like it? It's all right to shoot a cloud with electrified sand and make rain fall, because the cloud can't feel. It's all right to heat tungsten red hot in a vacuum to make an electric light because tungsten can't feel. But how about a poor doggie who might get a bath if he were living out of doors, but who doesn't get one when he is sleeping night after night on the same old mat in a stuffy apartment? How about the poor kitty who could get a drink if she were free to? How about the good strong horse who wears a bridle and hames all day and would just love to roll on green grass and kick his tired feet in the air? (Really, I suppose that not three horses in one hundred who are in the city ever get a chance to roll on the ground after they grow up and are put into harness. Just think of that — you who cry if you can't go to the movies or to a party!)

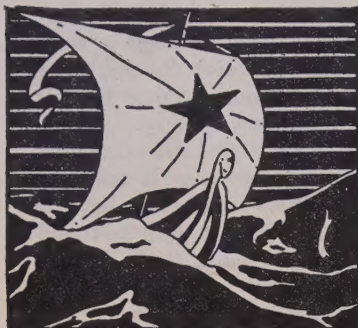
My point is this: That taking an animal out of his ordinary life and putting him into our life means that we must be careful that he has all the good things that he needs and remembers. Dominion means control, and the power of control is tied right up to a duty to use the control kindly and thoughtfully.

Did you know that the word "animal" means "something which can feel"? It comes right from the Latin word *animus* which means "feeling." So when we think of our dominion over the great world of nature let us remember that ours is a very solemn obligation — KINDNESS — when we put happy birds into cages, darting fishes into aquariums, powerful horses into harness, active dogs in our houses, and hungry cows in our dairy barns.

A living animal is a sacred trust. The Golden Rule states a law of life as true between my dog and myself as between my neighbor and myself.

DUTY and RIGHT are the two halves of the privilege of entering into a RELATION with a LIVING creature. A kind man shares the loving spirit of God.





## THE BEACON CLUB

### THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

27 BALDWIN ST.,  
NORTH EASTON, MASS.

*Dear Editor:* I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin, so I am sending a stamp for a new one. I go to the Unitarian church and sing in its choir. Our minister's name is Rev. Royden C. Leonard. He is also my Sunday-school teacher. I am a member of the Girl Scouts and our captain is Mrs. Leonard. We meet every Saturday afternoon in the vestry of the church. I am the Leader of Patrol 1. I have just passed my sixteenth birthday. I should like very much to correspond with some girl of my age. I wrote to Hertha Klein, in Ohio, and received an answer from her.

Sincerely yours,  
EVELYN RAYMOND.

461 OCEAN AVE.,  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

*Dear Editor:* I am thirteen years old and attend the Unitarian Sunday school. In a few Sundays I hope to receive a pin for three years' perfect attendance. My teacher's name is Miss Rose. Friday afternoons the children meet with the minister and the organist to practice church hymns. The Sunday before Christmas we sang "The First Noel," before the congregation. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and am interested in collecting stamps.

Sincerely yours,  
ANNA RANSOM.

114 STATE ST.,  
WINDSOR, VT.

*Dear Editor:* I go to All Souls Unitarian church. My minister's name is Rev. Harvey Loy. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and should like to become a member of the Club. I like my church and Sunday-school class. I am nine years old and am in the fourth year of school.

Yours sincerely,  
HOWARD STEARNS.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.  
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.  
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

### The Gay Moon

BY IRMA STROH (12 YRS.)

The moon is a jolly old friend,  
And brilliant light doth send  
To illuminate the glorious earth  
Which it tries to fill with mirth.

Do you know the moon gets all its light  
From the gorgeous sun so bright?  
One would hardly think this right  
To see the moon at night.

### The Old-House Treasure

BY MAUDE R. HUDSON (AGE 16)

#### PART III

When little Rose had opened the box she found a map and a letter in it. She opened the letter and this is what it said: "The map which you find here shows where I have hidden my money. It is in this very room." She put the letter in the envelope and then unfolded the map. After she had taken out the books, as she was told to do, she found a small safe which was hidden there. She found a note lying beside the small door, telling her how to open it. By following the directions given, she opened the safe very easily and found a tin box in it. She took out the box, opened it and found quite a lot of money, besides the jewels that were in it.

She ran out of the house with the box, took it home and showed it to her grandmother who was very much surprised at what she saw. They took the money to town, bought the old haunted house and lived together there very happily.

67 LANCASTER ST.,  
LEOMINSTER, MASS.

*Dear Editor:* I should like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Leominster, Mass. I am thirteen years of age and should like to correspond with other girls of my age.

Yours truly,  
ARLENE SAUNDERS.

### PUZZLERS

#### Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters and am a theme for Humane Sunday.

My 7, 12, 11, 1, 6 is a creeping animal.

My 9, 10, 15, 4 lives in a garden.

My 17, 5, 11, 2, 16 is a sluggard.

My 16, 16, 15, 14, 15 is a South American animal.

My 8, 16, 13, 3, 1 is the way some wild animals walk.

J. J. W.

#### Acrostic and Anagram

Place the following names in a column:

1. Apostle to the Gentiles. 2. Son of Adam. 3. First Man. 4. Wife of Jacob. 5. Mother of Jesus. 6. Son of Noah.

The initials will give you a book of the Old Testament. The remaining letters will make words to fill the following blanks:

The fisherman \*\*\* be the happiest man on \*\*\*\*\* when \*\* has \*\*\*\* a good \*\*\*\*.—*Boylard.*

#### Answers to Puzzles in No. 25

Floor and Rug.—118 sq. ft.  
100

9)18 sq. ft.

2 sq. yds.

Word Square.—PEACE  
ENTER  
ATTAR  
CEASE  
ERRED

Anagram.—If errand running be the part,  
Of errand running make an art.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.